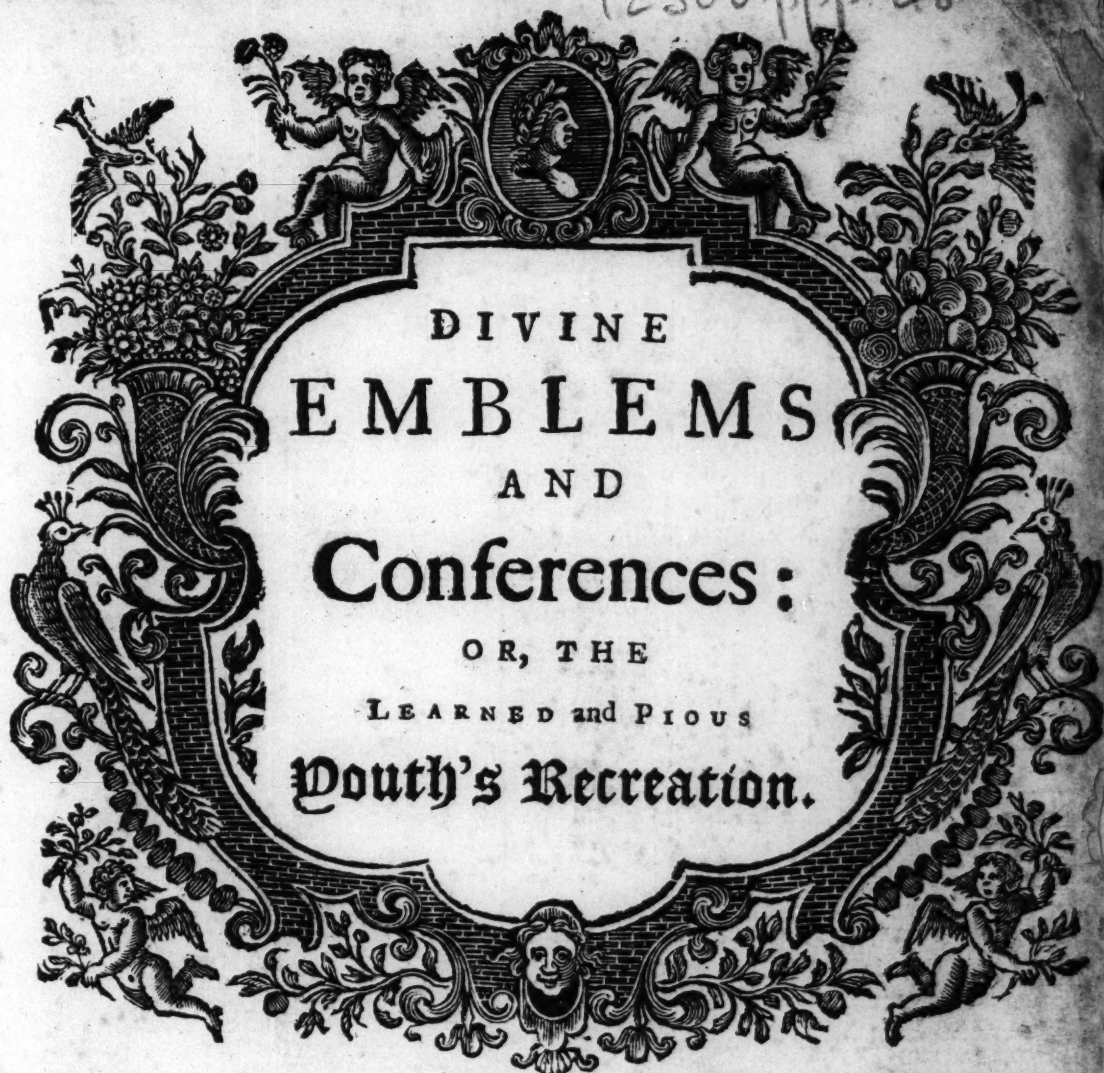




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|--|---|



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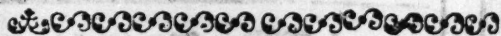
Orasmuch as Mr. Arwaker in his Translation has left out the fictitious Stories of the Latin Poet ; we must inform our Readers, that where he has done so, he makes use of Scripture or History to fill up its Space. So that tho' the greater Part is translated to the same Sense ; yet (as the Latin is exactly taken from the best Copy of that Learned Author) it is left to the Care and Ingenuity of the Scholars to endeavour to give a Literal Translation to it : And as the Original has been sufficiently admired for its Neatness and Elegancy ; so the Divine Subjects of it appear the more amiable for its Ardency and Piety. That this small Endeavour may have its desired Effect, is the hearty Wish of the Publisher.



P S A L. XXXVII.

Lord, Thou knowest all my Desires, and my Groaning is not hid from Thee.

Domine ante te omne desiderium meum, & gemitus meus à te non est absconditus.



Aug. de Verb. Dom. Ser. 55.

The whole World from East to West lies very sick ; but to cure this very sick World, there descends an omnipotent Physician, who humbled himself even in the Assumption of mortal Body, as if he had gone into the Bed of the Deceased.

Facet toto orbe ab Oriente usque ad Occidentem grandis egrotus, sed ad sanandum grandem egrotum descendit omnipotens medicus ; humiliavit se usque ad mortalem carnem, tanquam usque an lectum egrotantis.



To the Desire of the Eternal Mansions, *Jesus Christ.*

BY no Discov'ry did I e'er impart,
The secret Pantings of my Love-sick Heart;
Whose close *Recesses* to no other Eye;
But that great Pow'r's, that fram'd them, open lie:
He only views my Thoughts in their Undress,
And His bright Beams search thro' their Nakedness
To Him each secret Sigh, each silent Groan,
To Him the Bottom of my Soul is known.
Who can his Sense t'another's Ears convey,
Unless himself his own Designs betray?
Yet, cou'd Discov'ry gratify my Wish,
Concealment should not long defer the Bliss:
But no Relation can my Wants relieve,
Or Limits to my boundless Wishes give.

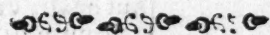
Rachel a while did her lost Sons deplore,
But finding Tears in vain, she wept no more.
Thus Fire emits, and then devours its Seeds,
And on its Off-spring the wild Parent feeds.
Thus, when the Clouds have empty'd all their
They drink up the exhausted Stock again. [Rain,
And thus I best receive the Tears I shed.
And turn the Streams back to their Fountain-head.
Then, what my Thoughts are, while I deeply
Only to me, and him I love, is known; [groan,
What I design in every silent VOW,
Only my self and my Beloved know;
And my thick Sighs a mystick Language prove,
Unknown to all but me and Him I love.

Q Uot mihi clam tacitis mens æstuet anxia votis
Judicio potuit discere nemo meo;
Nemo, nisi arcani qui pectoris intima lustrat,
Quem fugit humani nulla latebra finis.
Ille, meos gemitus, mea scit suspiria solus;
Ille, oculis etiam perlecat ima suis:
Ecquis in alterius sua sensa profuderit aurem,
Sic nisi secreti proditor ipse sui?
Si tamen ulla foret speranda hæc arte medela,
Ars desiderii hæc foret una meis.
Sed neque depositas levat auris amica querelos,
Nec desiderii hæc fit ab arte modus.
Coeparat, heu! natos Rachel ululare preemptos;
Mox, ubi nil flendo profuit, abstinit.
Scilicet ipsa suas facit ignis, edisque favillas.
Quasque pluit nubes, ipsa resorbet aquas.
Sic melius, proprios quos fudi, combulo fletus,
Inque suum recidit rutilus undâ sinum.
Quæ mea sint igitur, dum triste gemo, lamenta;
Non nisi nos soli novimus, ille, & ego.
Quid voveam, tacitis dum compleo litora votis;
Non nisi nos soli novimus, ille, & ego:
Quid clamem, mea dum sese suspiria rumpunt;
Non nisi nos soli novimus, ille, & ego.



Psal. XVIII. 4.

*The Pains of Hell
came about me;
the Snares of
Death overtook
me.*



*Doloros inferni cir-
cumdederunt me,
præoccupaverunt
laquei mortis.*



WHILE in this sad Distress my self I view,
Methinks I make that Heathen Fable true;
Of him whose bleeding mangled Carcass lay,
To his own Hounds expos'd a helpless Prey.

ERgo iterum Actæon aliquis nova fabula fiet,
Infelix canibus præda voranda suis?
En, mihi mens nemorum studiis juvenilibus arsit,
Et periit studiis mens propè capta suis.

Long I the Pleasures of the Wood pursu'd,
Till, like its Beasts, my self grew wild and rude;
I hop'd with Hunting to divert my Care,
But almost fell my self into the Snare.

Yet to those Woods (alas!) I did not go, [too.
Whose innocent Sports give Health and Pleasure
I spread no Toils to take the tim'rous Deer,
Nor aim'd my Jav'lin at the rugged Bear.
Happy, had I my Time so well imploy'd,
Nor had I been by my own Game destroy'd:
I had not then mis-spent my youthful Days,
Nor torn my Flesh among sharp thorny Ways.

But I (alas!) still ply'd the sparkling Wine,
That poys'rous Juice of the pernicious Vine;
And this expos'd me to Love's fatal Dart,
The false Betray'r of my unguarded Heart:
Thou Love, hast thy fly Nets, and subtle Charms;
Nor are thy Bow and Dart thy only Arms.
And treacherous Wine does fatal Weapons bear;
The Glass is more destructive than the Spear.
Thus Sampson, by his Dalila betray'd,
Was Hers and then his Enemies Captive made:
Thus, when too freely Noah had us'd the Vine,
He, who escap'd the Flood, lay drown'd in Wine.

Thus Love, by me pursu'd (alas!) too fast,
Seiz'd my lost Soul, and prey'd on me at last;
Within whose close incircling Toils beset,
I fear'd a Beast just fall'n into the Net:
Destroy'd by what my Inclinations sought,
As Birds by their frequented Lime-twigs caught;
For Death around, its subtle Nets does spread,
Fine as the Texture of the Spider's Web:
And as *Perdue* that watchful Robber lies,
His buzzing Prey the better to surprize;
But taught by Motion when the Booty's nigh,
Leaps out, and seizes the entangled Fly:
Or as a Fowler, with his hidden Snare,
Contrives to entrap the Racers of the Air;
While to conceal and further the Deceit,
He strows the Ground with his destructive Meat;
And fastens Birds of the same Kind, to sing,
And weakly flutter on their captive Wing:
So Death the Wretch into his Snare decoys,
And with pretended Happiness destroys;
Above the Nets we think a Leap to take,
But head-long drop into the infernal Lake.

Amb. lib. 4. in cap. 4. Lucæ.

*The Reward of Honours, the Height of
Power, the Delicacy of Diet, and the
Beauty of an Harlot, are the Snares of
the Devil.*

Idem. de bono mortis.

*Whilst thou seekest Pleasures, thou runnest
into Snares; for the Eye of the Harlot
is the Snare of the Adulterer.*

Mens fuit ancipites venatu pellere curas:
Non tamen in sylvis, pulchra Diana, tuis
Sylva mihi rapidis non est larrata molossis,
Lustra nec infestâ sollicitata cane.
Nec juga Taygeti, neque Mænala territa cornu
Nec fulvus volucris cuspidis stratus aper.
Nec mea Partheniis circumdata retia sylvis,
Nec meditata feris callida lina dolos.
Numquam ego vel pedicas, venabula, tela, vel ag
Ullave Spartanæ Virginis arma tuli. (Cic)
O utinam mens ista mihi, Dietyrna, fuisset!
Non ego nunc præda cingerer arte meæ
Heu quibus imprudens studiis mihi torpuit etas
Quin potius nemorum crura notata rubis
Cur quæstira tuis mihi præmia, Bacche, traperis
Aut agitata tuis præda, Cupido, jugis?
Non tantum pharetram; neq; tantum te. a Cupido
Caura, sed ut fallas, fila, plagasque geris.
Pampineos tantum neque concutis Evie thyrsos
Sunt quoque, queis capias ebria crura, doli.
Cum surgit Dalila Sampson male confusus ab undis
Vincta Philistæo brachia fune tulit.
Cum jacet ignoto Noë superatus Iaccho,
Compede fuccidus stringis Iacche pedes.
Idalis, ecce, suis jam me quoque cassibus ambit,
Quæ toties votis præda petita meis.

Hei mihi! quot circum pedicærum indagine cin-
Ceu fera venantum præpete septa globo. [gor
Scilicet illa fuit spectri feralis imago,
Antonio, celsi vertice visa jugi:
Cum parvère oculi collecta sub unius ictum
Omnia, quæ mundo dedita regna jacent:
Omnia, ceu parvâ, tellusque polusque tabellâ,
Pictaque stant minimo corpora tota vitro.
Omniaque hæc ingens obseperat undique rete,
Multaque furtivis flamina sparsa viis;
Quisque suas fraudes, sensit sua vincula quisque:
Hic caput, ille pedes vinctus, & ille manus.
Sic sua deceptum laqueârat quemque voluptas,
Ut visco itolidæ decipiuntur aves.
Ah! sua nexilibus tendit mors undique tramis
Retia, arachnæo callidiora dolo.
Utque sedet nigro venator araneus antro,
Insidians pennis, stridula musca, tuis:
Sensit ubi motâ trepidare cubilia, tela,
Emicat, & trepidam raprat in antra seram:
Aut qualis viridi latet arbore callidus auceps,
Pennipedi meditans vincla dolosa gregi.
Linigeros abdit vicino gramine vallos,
Spargit & in nitido plurima grana solo.
Et circum inclusas secretâ crate volucres:
Queque canant vinctæ compede, ponit aves.
Hæ, saltu, & cantu; levis ille foramine buxi:
Hæ socias; prædam decipit ille suam.
Venantum haud aliter scelerum comitata corona
Implicat insidiis mors sua quemque suis.
Quique super laqueos nifus dare corpora saltu,
Heu miser, in stygiis præcipitur aquas!

AMBROSIIUS de bono mortis, Cap. 5.
Laqueus in auro, viscus in argento, nexus in
pradio, clarus est in amore: dum aurum peti-
mus, strangulamur; dum argentum querimus,
in visco ejus heremus; dum pradium invadi-
mus, alligamur.

My Soul melted as my Beloved
spoke, Cant. v. 6.

Anima mea liquefacta est, ut dilectus locutus est.

Aug. Soliloq. Cap. 34.

What is this that I feel? What Fire is it that warms my Heart? What Light is it that enlightens it? O thou Fire, which always burnest, and art never extinguished, do thou inflame me!

Quid est hoc quod sentio? quis est ignis qui calefacit cor meum? quæ est lux quæ irradiat cor meum? O ignis, qui semper ardes, & nunquam extingueris, accende me.



WHAT Hills, what Rocks, what Desarts have I trod,
Only for one thort View of Thee, my God!
How for one Word from those dear Lips, *Thine*,
My Feet a tire-some Pilgrimage enjoin!
O'er craggy Rocks of such stupendous Height,
Th' Ascent does ev'n the climbing Deer affright:
Yet cannot my unwearied Haste delay,
For mighty Love conducts me all the Way.
'Tho' from these Heights I all things else descry,
The dear-lov'd Object shuns my longing Eye.
Distracted then, thro' ev'ry Den I rave,
Search each Retreat, and visit every Cave.
In vain those unfrequented Paths I wear,
I only find thou art a Stranger there.
Sometimes into the open Plain I rove,
But there am lost in Error as in Love.
To Heaven I look, and tho' the Fields complain,
But both unkindly answer not again.
Wand'ring from thence I find a *shady Vale*,
There on my Love (but still in vain) I call,
Not far from hence a close thick Covert grows,
Where panting Beasts fly for a cool repose:
Here, here, said I, perhaps He's laid to rest;
But, oh! no Sign of Thee was here impress.
Then, stung with Passion, and o'erwhelm'd with Grief,
I coast the Shoar, and thence expect Relief. [Grief
Here a high Tow'r exalts its lofty Head,
By whose kind Light the wand'ring Sailor's led.
Here I ascend, and view the Ocean round,
While my Complaints o'er all the Shoar resound:
Tell me, you Shoars, you Seas, and tell me true.
Is not my Love conceal'd in some of You?

TE semel ut cursim tantum, mea vita, viderem,
Quot juga, quot sylvas, quot loca vili mihi.
Ut semel audirem tantum, mea vita, loquentem,
Ah! quot inaccessis rura petita viis!
Aërii montes, metuendaque culmina rupes,
Saxaque Solivagis vis adeunda feris.
Nec tamen, ecce, tui data spes fuit ulla videndi,
Vixque vel alloquii spes fuit ulla tui.
O quoties dixi! quæ te, mea vita, latebræ,
Quæ cava, quæ terræ, quæ nigra lustra tegunt?
Sed neque lustra meum, neque rusfolata dolorem,
Respondit lacrymis sylvæ nec ulla meis.
Fors semel ignotos me duxerat error in agros,
Solum ubi ante oculos campus, & error erant;
Meritor hic oculis Cœlos clamoribus agros;
Sed neque vox Cœlis, nec data vox ab agris.
Inde decerranti vallis se monstrat opaca:
Vociferor, nullus sit mihi valle sonus.
Ecce cavâ dentum procul haud a vâlle viretum
Adjacet; æstivo texillis umbra gregi.
Hic erit, hic fortan, dixi, mea vita, latebit;
Heu dolor! ut vidi, nulla latebra fuit
Ergo amens tandem lacrymansq; ad littora curro,
Littora quæ refluis Nereæ tundis aquis.
Hic Pharus ingenti se tollit in ardua clivo,
Unde suum rasis navita caprat iter.
Scando Pharon, totoque oculos circumfero ponte,
Et quantâ possum littora voce voco.
Littora, littora, voscautes, vosque æquoris undæ,
An latet æquoreis lux mea mersa vadis?
Vix prior attigerat resonantia littora clamor,
Cum cito littoribus vox geminata redit.

*As to each other you wou'd constant be,
 Discover, and be just to Love and me!*
 Scarce had the Shoar receiv'd the mournful Noife,
 When it return'd a loud redoubled Voice:
 But that some sporting Echo I believe, [Grief.
 That fools the wretch'd, and dallies with their
 Again the Shoar I rend; the Shoar does hear,
 And the kind Voice again salutes my Ear:
 A Voice, a well known Voice! 'twas Thine, my Life,
 Whole pleasing Accents soon dispell'd my Grief.
 Now I reviv'd: One such immortal Breath,
 Had Pow'r enough to rescue me from Death.
 Thy Voice, like Lightning, unperceiv'd, unselt,
 By a strange Inf'ence thro' the Soul can melt.
 So Thy Disciples Hearts were fir'd within,
 When on the Way thou didst Discourse begin;
 The secret Charms of Thy prevailing Voice,
 Caus'd unaccountable, yet mighty Joys.
 'Twas the same Heav'nly Sound that answer'd me,
 And all dissolv'd me into Extacy;
 That kindled such a Fire within my Soul,
 Whose ardent Heat an Ocean cannot cool.
 See how my melting Passions haste and run,
 Like Virgin-wax before the scorching Sun!
 O might I be so blest to mix with Thee,
 Our Life the same, the same our Love shou'd be.

Ambigo, num scopulis fallax responderis Echo
 Et nimium pronâ luserit aure fidem;
 Tristibus ergo iterum cava littora pulso querelis
 Littoribus iterum vox reperita redit.
 Vox redit, & vox nota redit, Tua vox, mea vita
 Et mihi voce tuâ reddita vita fuit.
 Ibam semianimis, subito ad tua verba revixi
 Ne penitus morerer, vox satis una fuit.
 Scilicet ora loquens, quoties cœlestia solvis,
 Magnum aliquid verbis fulminis iustar inest
 Ignivomæ non quale nucus, testudine clausum
 Efflabas Syriæ fraudibus, Enne, Dææ;
 Quale sed in comites Emmauria rura petentes
 Sparfisti stygiis Dux rediive plagis;
 Frigida cùm subitis arserunt pectora flammis;
 Pectora colloquio, lux mea, tacta tuo.
 Hinc mihi succensis caluit quoque flamma me
 Ictaque cœlesti vocis ab igne fui. (dullis
 Et licet Oceano gelidis licet undique saxis,
 Undique cœruleis obsita cingar aquis;
 Intus agunt flammæ, sic liquor ab ignibus intus
 Liquitur ut leno pinea ræda foco.
 O utinam, mea vita, animam liquamur in unam
 Unaque vita duos jungat Amorque duos?



JER. IX. 1.

*O that my Head were Waters,
 and mine Eyes a Fountain of
 Tears, that I might weep Day
 and Night!*

*Quis dabit capiti meo aquam, &
 oculis meis fontem lacrymarum,
 & plorabo die ac nocte!*

Hieron. in Jerem. cap. 9.

*If I were all dissolv'd to Tears,
 and those not only some few
 Drops, but an Ocean, or a
 Deluge, I should never weep
 enough.*

*Si totus vertar in fletum, &
 nequaquam guttæ sint lacry-
 marum, sed abundantia flu-
 minum, non satis dignè flevero.*

*O! that my Head were one vast Source of Tears,
 With bubbling Streams as num'rous as my Hairs!
 My Face a Plain which briny Floods shou'd drown,
 And scorning Banks come proudly rolling down.*

*Q. Uis mihi det, liquidas caput hoc vertatur in undas
 Torque fluat guttis, quot stetit autè comis?
 Fro ite patet campus, quem flebilis imber inun-
 R pa nec, ut fluctus extipatientur, obest. [det*

Grief, with inexhaustible Supplies,
And fill the Cisterns of my flowing Eyes!
The fierce Torrents, which those Springs impart,
Run down my Breast, and stagnate round my Heart.

Not all the Tears the Royal Psalmist shed, [sed;
In which his Couch was wash'd, himself was
Or those which once the weeping Mary pour'd
On the dear Feet of her forgiving Lord;
Or those which drown'd the great Apostle's Breast,
Those boasted Zeal shrunk at the affrighting Test;
Or these, nor more than these, can e'er suffice,
To cleanse the Stains of my Impieties.

Give me the undiscover'd Source of Nile, [Soil;
That with sev'n Streams o'erflows th' Egyptian
Noah! let thy Deluge be renew'd,
Still I am drown'd in the impetuous Flood;
Still Towers, and Trees, and Hills appear no more;
Still one vast desert Sea, without a Shoar.

That these Fountains wou'd their Course begin,
And flow as fast as I made haste to sin!

The weeping Limbeck never shou'd give o'er,
Still their last Drop had empty'd all their Store.

Happy ye Fountains which for ever flow,
Whose endless Streams no Drought or Summer know!

From this fair Spring, or that eternal Well!
How do I grudge the Clouds their envy'd Rain!

How wish the boundless Treasures of the Main!
When shou'd my Tears, like that, just Motion keep,

And I shou'd take a strange Delight to weep:
Or the swift Current of my Grief forbid,

Still in the Waves this little World were hid;
Lid, as the neighbouring Valleys are o'erspread,

When the warm Sun melts Pindus snowy Head.
The great Assyrian, found in Jordan's Seas,

A happy Med'cine for his foul Disease;
But what kind Torrent will my Cure begin,

And cleanse my filthier Leprosie of Sin?

See! from my Saviour's Side a Stream of Blood!
It bath my self in that Redeeming Flood:

That healing Torrent was on purpose spilt,
To wash my Stains, and expiate all my Guilt.

That ever-flowing Ocean will suffice,
For the Defect of my exhausted Eyes.

O mea si subito duo flumina lumina fiant.

Sat capiet geminas alveus aptus aquas.

Ille meis totus lachrymis non sufficit imber,

Perpetuo hennis qui rigat ora senis.

Capra nec Andromache, qua lumina proluit unda,

Ille meis lacrymis unda sat esse potest.

Nec tua, Jesside, lachrymati balnea lecti,

Balnea nocturnis humida semper aquis.

Nec quibus es solitus jejunia pascere gutta,

Nocte dieque, tuos quæ tibi panis erant.

Ille nec illuviesplorabilium lachrymarum,

Quam pluit in Domini Magdala mœsta pedes:

Nec (tibi, qui geminis inaraverat humida fons

Lumina) fons mœsta, Petre, perennis aquæ.

Sed tua, Nile, velim sempiternis flumina rivo,

Cum vagus Iliacos obruis amnis agros.

Aur qualis madidum cum mergit Aquarius annum

Toraque in hybernas astra liquantur aquas;

Aur porius trepidas qualis ruic imber in urbes,

Omnia cum pluvio claustra reclusa Jovi.

Culinaque & turres & acuta cacumina, cautes,

Et nemora, & montes, nil nisi pontus erant.

Hos oculis votivam gravidis mihi currere nimbos

Et caput hoc totus fiat ut Oceanus.

Aur saltem in geminis tabescere lumina rivos,

Perpetuoque meas amne natare genas.

Nec ficcari oculos nisi cum stupor obstitit illis,

Finiat ut lacrymas ultima gutta meas.

Felices nimium, vitrea, gens cœcula, nymphæ,

Membra quibus fluido sunt liquefacta vitro!

Vosque, paludosis mutatae fontibus artus,

Quas verus est quondam fama professa mirus:

Cur mihi non liquidis stillans quoque brachia ri-

Glaucaq; muscolis fluctuat unde comis & vis?

Ille ego sum, fontem quæ non admittor in ulla,

Ille ego sum frustra quæ liquor esse velim.

Outinam! celerem vertar, novus Acis, in amnem,

Qui Galatæa, tuo flumen amore fuit.

Aur aliquod fieri jubeat me Biblida Numen,

Quod fieri jussit Biblida fontis aquam?

Aur Achelœ, tuâ liceat mihi ludere formâ,

Hercule decepto, cum leve flumen eas!

Non ego tunc, Achelœ, precaria corpora ponam,

Taurus ut exuto fluminis ore puter.

Et licet obscuri fuerim nisi nominis amnis,

Non ego me nomen vile fuisse querar.

Jugis aquæ largus tantum mihi suppetat imber,

Cætera, securum nomen honoris erit:

Tum mea inexhaustos deducunt lumina rivos,

Pindus ut æstivâ de nive voluit aquas.

Perque fluent lacrymæ, veluti vaga flumina, vul-

Flumina luce fluent, flumina nocte fluent. [tum

Nec nisi flere, meis oculis erit ulla voluptas,

Donec erunt lacrimis crimina mersa meis.





Ps. XLII. 2.

When shall I come, and appear before the Presence of God?

Quando veniam, & apparebo ante faciem Dei?

Aug. in Psal. 42.

If thou findest any thing better than to behold the Face of God, haste thee thither. Woe be to that Love of thine, if thou dost but imagine any thing more beautiful than He, from whom all Beauty that delights thee, is derived.

Si invenis melius quam videre faciem Dei, illuc te prepara. Ne tali amoris tuo, si vel suspicaris aliquid pulchrius, quam est ille, a quo est omne pulchrum, quod te teneat, ne illum cogitare merearis.

With promis'd Joys my Ears thou oft did'st fill,
But they are only Joys of Promise still.
Did'st thou not say thou soon wou'dst call me
Be just, my Love, and kindly bid me come! [home?
"Expecting Lovers count each Hour a Day,
"And Death's to them less dreadful than Delay.
A tedious Train of Months and Years is gone,
Since first you bid me hope, yet gave me none.
Why with Delays dost thou abuse my Love,
And fail my vain Expectancies above?
While th'insulting Crowd derides my Woe,
Where's now your Love? how well he keeps his Vow!
Haste then, and Home thy longing Lover take;
If not for mine, yet for thy Promise Sake.

When shall I come before thy Throne, and see
Thy glorious Scepter kindly stretch'd to me?
For Thee I pine, for Thee I am undone,
As drooping Flow'rs that want their Parent Sun.
O cruel Tort'ner of my wounded Soul,
Grant me thy Presence, and I shall be whole!
O when, thou Joy of all admiring Eyes,
When shall I see thee on thy Throne of Bliss?

As when unwelcome Night begins its Sway,
And throws its sable Mantle o'er the Day;
The withering Glories of the Garden fade,
And weeping Groves bewail their lonely Shade;
To melancholly Silence Men retire,
And no sweet Note sounds from the feather'd Quire:
But hardly can the rising Morn display,
The purple Ensigns of approaching Day;
But the glad Gardens deck them 'elves anew,
And the cheer'd Groves shake off their heavy Dew,

AH quoties, mea lux, mihi seria verba dedisti,
Nuka secuta tamen, seria verba fides!

Euge brevi venies, toties dixisse recorder:

Aude fidem verbis, dic semel, Euge veni.

Hei mihi quam longæ sunt expectantibus horæ,
Plus ævi spatio creditur una dies!

Jam, mea lux, lapsi menses, tot aguntur & anni

Spemque facis toties, spem tamen usque negas.

Quid miseram spatii tam lentis ferreus uris?

Et toties, parvo hic tempore dicis, eris.

Jam lacerant falsis me publica compita sannis.

Et tuus ille Deus, dic, ubi? quisque rogat.

Quando igitur veniam? quando tibi libera listam?

Quando adstabo, oculis obvia facta tuis?

Aspicias ut misero consumar squallida luctu,

Quâ careo facies hæc mihi damna facir.

O facies animi crudele mei tormentum!

Unica quæ præsens esse medela potes.

O quando, facies toto spectabilis orbe,

Quando tuo dabitur lumine posse frui?

Scilicet ut gravis est terris absentia Phœbi,

Squallet & obscurus Sole larente dies:

Nec color est hortis, nec amœnis graria sylvis,

Jamque silent horaines, jamque siletis aves:

Mox ubi purpureo roseum caput extulit ore,

Læta micat radiis, luce nitente, dies;

Et suus est hortis color, & sua gratia sylvis,

Jamq; strepunt homines, jamq; loquuntur aves

Sic ego te viso, moriens mea vita resurgo;

Vivaque, non viso protinus emorior.

Sæpe jubes alio me pascere lumina vulu,

Multaque conspectu corpora pulchra refers.

To daily Labour *Man* himself devotes,
 And *Birds* in Anthems strain their tuneful Throats:
 So, without *Thee*, I grieve, I pine, I mourn;
 So triumph, so revive at *Thy Return*.
 But *Thou*, unkind, bid'st me delight my Eyes,
 With other *Beauties*, other *Rarities*.
 Sometimes thou bid'st me mark the flow'ry *Field*;
 What various Scents and Shews the *Meadows* yield:
 Then to the *Stars* thou dost direct my Sight,
 For they from *Thine* derive their borrow'd Light.
 Then say'st, Contemplate *Man*! in *Him* thou'lt see,
 The great *Resemblance* of thy *Love* and *Me*.
 Why woud'st thou thus deceive me with a *Shade*,
 A trifling *Image*, that will quickly fade?
 My Fancy stoops not to a mortal *Aim*;
Thou, thou hast kindled, and must quench my flame.

O glorious Face, worthy a Pow'r Divine,
 Where *Love* and *Love* with equal Mixture shine!
 Triumphant Majesty of that bright *Ray*,
 When blushing Angels prostrate Homage pay!
 We in thy *Works* thy fix'd Impressions trace,
 Yet still but faint Reflections of thy *Face*.
 When this enchanted World's compar'd with *Thee*,
 Its boasted *Beauty's* all Deformity:

Thy *Stars* no such transcending Glories own
 As *Thine*, whose Light exceeds all theirs in one.
 This Truth some one of them can best declare,
 Who on the *Mount* thy blest Spectators were:
 Who on thy Glories were allow'd to gaze,
 And saw *Heav'n* op'ned in Thy wond'rous *Face*.
 Thy shining Visage all the *Gods* confess, [pleas dress
 In beauteous lambent *Flames* were thy bright Tem-

Nor can we blame thy great *Apostle's* Zeal,
 To whom thou didst thy happy Sight reveal;
 That sighing all before accounted dear,
 He was for building *Tabernacles* here.
 Yet he beheld thee then within a *Veil*;
 The killing *Rays* thou kindly did'st conceal:
 He saw a milder *Flame* thy *Face* surround,
 Thy *Temples* with rebated *Glories* crown'd:
 As when the Silver Moon's reflected Beams,
 In some clear Evening gild the smiling Streams:
 Or cloud-born Lightning in its nimble Race,
 Painting on trembling *Waves* *Heav'n's* blushing *Face*.
 How had he wond'ered at the nobler *Light*,
 Whose bare *Reflection* was so *Heav'nly* bright?
 But, oh! That's inaccessible to human sight!
 Then *me*, oh! *me*, to that blest *State* receive,
 Where I may see thee *all*, and seeing *live*!
 When will that happy Day of Vision be,
 When I shall make a near Approach to *Thee*,
 Be wrapt in *Clouds*, and lost in *Mystery*?

'Tis true, the Sacred Elements impart,
 Thy *virtual Presence* to my faithful Heart;
 But to my *Sense* still unreveal'd thou art.
 This, tho' a great, is an imperfect *Bliss*,
 To embrace a *Cloud*, for the bright *God* I wish;
 My *Soul* a more exalted *Pitch* woud fly,
 And view *Thee* in the *Heights* of *Majesty*.

Oh! when shall I behold *Thee* all serene,
 Without one *envious Cloud* or *Veil* between?
 When distant Faith shall in near Vision cease,
 And still my *Love* shall with my *Sight* increase?
 That happy Day, dear as mine *Eyes* shall be,
 And more than all the dearest Things, but *Thee*.

Aspice prata, inquis, formosos aspice flores;
 Picta mei multum prata coloris habent.
 Aspice cœruleo palantes æthere stellas;
 Hæ quoque de nostro lumine, lumen habent.
 Aspice & humanis præstantia corpora formis;
 Est meus humano multus in ore decor.
 Sicine, Lux, nostris sperasti illudere voris?
 Falsaque supposito vendere frustra vitio?
 Non ego pellicior mortalis imagine formæ.
 Ah! mea fax facies est, mea vita, tua!
 Illa, ô digna Deo facies! gravis ille suavi.
 Mixtus in ore timor, parque timoris amor.
 Illa supercilij majestas dia cadentum,
 Cœlitum prono quàm colit ore tremor.
 Nam quota parstanti fedit ullâ in fronte decoris,
 Lux mea, quanta tuâ fronte, genisque sedet?
 Ah neque si faciem coeat decor omnis in unam,
 Tanta sit ullius gratia, quanta tua.
 Lux tua splendidior quanto supereminet astris
 Lucifer, & quanto Cynthia Lucifero.
 Ipsaque quanto iterum superatur Cynthia Phœbo,
 Tanto formosis omnibus ore præis.
 De tribus id melius narrabit testibus unus,
 Qui tibi tum comites vertice Thabor erant.
 Cum testata Desum facies tibi flammea luxit,
 Cinxit & auratas fax radiata comas.
 Nempe aliquis tantæ captus dulcedine lucis,
 Et nimio formæ faucibus igne tuæ;
 Immemor & patriæ, oblitusque sui, suorumque
 Oprabat stabiles figere monte lares.
 Nec ramen augustum, qualis, quantusque videri
 Cœlitibus solitus, viderat ille Deum.
 Viderat aërios absistere vultibus ignes,
 Ut solet accenso candida mica foco.
 Viderat ardenti rutilantem vertice flammam,
 Quale lacescitum Sole refulget ebur.
 Viderat, ut placidis, Lucina videris in undis,
 Cum tuus in nitidis fluctuat ardor aquis.
 Aut qualis pelago Cœli vibratur imago,
 Unda percussus cum tremit igne poli.
 Quid dicturus erat, torâ si luce coruscas
 Vidisset, circum tempora bina faces? [tem,
 Quid si oculos? quid si faciem sine nube micau-
 Quod, que polo facies lumen utroque jacit?
 Quando erit ille dies, mea lux, rex ille dierum,
 Numinis ambrosio cum sinar ore frui?
 Sæpe quidem vestros specto sub imagine vultus,
 Cum vultus obeunt spica, merumque tuos.
 Magna, equidem fateor tamen imperfecta voluptas
 Pro facie, faciem nube regante frui:
 At mihi mens alio stimulat cupidine flagrat,
 Ardet & innubes læta videre genas.
 Quando erit, ergo dies, cum te, sine nube videbo?
 Impedient faciem vela nec ulla tuam?
 Solaque, quæ fiteras animo libata voluptas,
 Tandem oculis etiam percipere moris?
 Illa dies faulto si quando affullerit astro,
 Juro, erit his oculis charior illa dies.





Must a few Minutes added to my Days
Be thought a favour passing thanks or praise?
Ages, indeed, might well deserve that Name,
And render my Ingratitude to blame:
But the Increase of a few Days to come,
How little adds it to the slender Sum?
As well the Infant that but reads the Stage,
Is said to leave it in a good old Age:
As well poor Insects may be said to live,
To whom their Birth-day does their Fun'ral give.

So fading Flow'rs their hasty Minutes count,
Whose longest Lives scarce to one Day amount.
Flow'rs, in the Morning Boys, at Noon-tide Men,
At Night, with Age, feeble as Boys agen.
Thus in one short-liv'd day they bloom and die,
And all the Diff'rence of our Ages try.
Wou'd Time's o'er-hasty Wheels their Motion stay,
And the swift Hours not pass so swift away,
The Insects then might lengthen too their Song,
And the Flow'rs boast their Day had been so long.
But Time is ever hastening to be gone,
And, like a Stream, the Year glides swiftly on.
Successive Months closely each other trace,
And meet the Sun along his Annual Race,
While short-liv'd Days, than either, march a

[swifter Pace,

The harvest Hours are pressing forward still,
And, once gone by, are irrevocable.
"Thus envious Time loves on it self to prey,
"And still thro' its own Entrails eats its Way."
Its self pursues, it self it ever flies,
And on its self it ever lives and dies.
So, waiting Lamps by their own Flames expire,
And kindle at themselves their Fun'ral Fire.

Job. X. 20.

Are not my days few? Cease then,
and let me alone, that I may be-
wail my self a little.

*Numquid non paucitas dierum
morum finietur brevi? dimitte
ergo me, ut plangam paululum
dolorem meum.*

Hieron. ad Paulam, Epist. 12.

When Man first sinn'd, he chang'd
Eternity for Mortality, Nine
Hundred Tears, or thereabouts:
But sin increasing by degrees,
Man's Life was contracted to a
very short Space.

*Cum primum homo peccavit, eter-
nitas mortalitate mutata est in
nonagentos & amplius annos, ex-
inde paulatim recrudescente
peccato, in breve tempus homi-
num vita contracta est.*

Scilicet, in magno cum hoc me ponere lucro,
Addita quod vite pars quotacumque mea.
Si numerata forent aliquot mili lustra, vel anni
Muneris hic poterat nomen habere favor:
Stamina sed brevibus junxisse fugacia filis;
Obsecro, die, pauci quantula summa, dies?
Nimpe ita, qui vitam modo ducere cæperis infans,
Dicitur moriens, occubuisse senex.
Sic sua nonnullis descripta est vermibus ætas,
Una quibus brevis est, integra vita dies.
Sic aliquis numerat celeres sibi flosculus horas
Natali tumulant quem sua fata die.
Floscule mane puer, mediâ vir, floscule, luce;
Floscule sub noctem, Sole cadente senex.
Sic orierisque uno morerisque, ô floscule, Phæbi
Uno fisque puer, virque, senexque die!
Staret adhuc volucrum saltem rota lenta dierum
Hora nec admissis qualibet iret equis;
Vermiculi canerent, tot plenis viximus horis;
Flosculus, & totidem diceret, herba fui.
Sed tempus rapidis volat irreparabile pennis,
Fluminis inque modum, lubricus annus ab
Menstruus impulsis rapitur quoque solibus orb
Et fugiunt, nullo frena tenenda dies.
Denique præcipitis rota concita vertitur hora,
Nec remeare potest, quæ semel hora fuit.
Invida res, tempus, sua se per puncta trucidat
Se pariter fugiens, se pariterque sequens;
Qualis tædæ suo so flammea funerat igne,
Quæ sibi fatalem congerit ipsa rogam,
Sic redit in proprium sæculorum circulus orbem
Flectitur inque suas annua meta rotas.

Thus its own Course the circling Year pursues,
Till, like the Wheels, on which 'tis mov'd, it grows.

This Truth the Antients weightily exprest,
Who made the Father on his Off-spring Feast:
For Time on Months and Years, its Children, feeds;
And kills with Motion what its Motion breeds.
Hours waite the Days, the Days their Months consume,
And the rapacious Months their Years entomb.
Thus Years, Months, Days, and Hours, still keep
Till all in vast Eternity are drown'd. [their round,

Then, Lord, allow my Grief some little Space,
To mourn the Shortness of my hasty Race:
I wish not Time for Laughter; if I did,
My Circumstances and the Place forbid.

All I desire, is Time for Grief and Tears,
Let that be all th' Addition to my Years:
Which, tho' but short, yet have been full of Sin,
More than my Time was to repent it in.

Yet if thou grant'st me some few Minutes more,
They'll make amends for my short Days before.

Come then, my cruel Hands, and without Rest,
Or Pity, beat my hard, my senseless Brest!

Drop then, my Eyes, you cannot flow too fast;
While you delay, what precious Time is past?
Tis done! my Tears have a prevailing Force,
And Heav'n appeas'd, now stop their eager Course.

Non facit antiquus malè fabula prodica chartis,
Qua genitor sobolem commoluit ore suam.
Nempe vorax annos mensesque interfecit ævum,
Seque, fluendo parit, seque fluendo necat.
Hora diem mensemque dies depascit eundo,
Bis senisque senex mensibus annus obit.
Annus obit, mensesque, diesque, horaque, recedunt,
Et suus in se iterum tempora gyros agit.
Ergo meo exiguum spatium concede dolori;
Non nisi concessio tempore fata querar.
Non ego supremis tempus mihi risibus oro;
Non facit ad risus refre, locusve meos.
Pro lacrymis spatium, spatium pro planctibus opto,
Hæc mihi tantilla, quam peto, causa mora est.
Ite igitur magnis lacrymæ, mea flumina, rivis;
Ite, ferite truces ora sinumque, manus.
Ite per os lacrymæ, servite in pectora palma;
Pars bina, dum statis, temporis ecce fugit:
Sentio, eunt lacrymæ; repetuntur, sentio, planctus;
Jam flevi & planxi, sistite; jam satis est.



Cant. II. 16.

My Beloved is mine, and I am
his; he feedeth among the Li-
lies, until the Day-break, and
the Shadows flee away.

Dilectus meus mihi, & ego illi,
qui pascitur inter lilia, donec
aspiret dies, & inclinentur
umbræ.

Bern. in Cant. Serm. 71.

Thou who hearest, or readest this,
take care to have the Lilies in
thee, if thou would'st have this
Dweller among the Lilies visit
thee.

Tu ergo qui hæc audis vel legis,
cura habere lilia penes te, si vis
habere nuno habitatorem lilio-
rum habitantem in te.



Blest Souls, whose Hearts burn with such equal
As never, but together, will expire! (Fire,
To your Content I wou'd not Crowns prefer,
For all Heav'n's Blessings are dilated there:

FOelices anime, populus genialis Amantium,
Quos amor irrupta necit utrimque fide!
Non ego præ vesirâ, fortunam optarero Regum,
Nam puto Callicolum vos ego serte frui.

And when with equal Flames two Souls engage,
 That happy Minute is Love's Golden Age.
 Such Bliss I wish'd, when Love at first posselt,
 And spread his Ensigns o'er my trembling Breast:
 How oft I pray'd, whene'er in Love I burn,
 Grant me, great Pow'r, to find a just return!
 The God, return'd this Answer to my Pray'r,
 Love first, and never then of Love despair!
 The sudden Sound invades my frightened Ear,
 I trembled when I knew the God was near.
 Is it thy Will, Almighty Love (I cry'd)
 To list a Soldier, in thy Wars untry'd:
 'Tis true, my fellow-Maids have told me long
 The promis'd Joys of thy adoring Throng:
 But oft my Nurse, acquainted with the Cheat,
 Told me, 'twas all Delusion and Deceit;
 And that the Oracle too true wou'd prove,
 Which thus declar'd the ill Effects of Love:
 "Num'rous as Atho's Hares, or Hybla's Swarms,
 "Or Olive-berries on the loaden Tree;
 "Or as the Shells, or Sands, are Love's Allarms,
 "Abounding still with Fear and Misery.
 For still this Fear the Wretches entertain,
 Lest all their Love shou'd meet unjust Disdain.
 Of happy Lovers no Records can boast;
 Their bliss was counterfeited, or short at most:
 The airy God's unsettled Motion shews,
 That Love's a Tide that always ebbs and flows.
 Go then and trust those dying flames that will,
 Since Love's a wand'rer and uncertain still.
 "Than his own Feathers is he lighter far,
 "And all his promis'd Faith but empty air.
 By Oaths and Vows let no one be betray'd,
 Which vanish in the Breath with which they are made.
 His cheeks are with unusual blushes dress'd,
 And his quick sigh, this mighty truth confess:
 And now his fraud, and treachery I knew,
 To all his Pow'r I bid a last adieu.
 To Thee, thou heav'n-born Love! my Soul I'll join,
 Be thou my Flame, Dear Lord! and I'll be thine;
 While Day and Night successively return,
 Our mutual Fires shall never cease to burn.
 O the sweet balm distilling from each kiss!
 How vast the Pleasure, how divine the Bliss!
 What new delights from heav'nly Love still flow,
 They only, who enjoy the Blessing, know.
 But oh! to love, or be belov'd of Thee,
 Is the great Mystry of Felicity:
 And more 'iniance and recommend the Joy,
 'Tis such as time does brighten, not destroy.
 My Love, my Life in Thee, all Hybla's Sweets,
 In Thee all Ophir's richest Treasure meets.
 With what repeated Ecstasies posselt,
 We vent our Passions in each others Breast!
 O how unspeakable's the Bliss to me
 To lose my self in thoughts of its Eternity!
 This Love is subject to no anxious Cares;
 Too blest for troubles, too secure for fears.
 In Paradises of delight it feeds,
 Where whitest Lilies deck th' enamell'd Meads:
 Among which Emblems of our pure Delires,
 We in chaste Pleasures quench our mutual Fires.

Sed neque jam Siculi mirer nova vota Tyranni,
 Optantis Pythia tertius esse comes.
 Ecquis enim socius medius neget esse duobus,
 Quos sibi tam sancto fœdere junxit Amor?
 Aurea conditio, quoties redamantur amantes,
 Reddit & alternas mutua flamma vices!
 Hæc ego me toties optari lege beatam,
 Ad sua cum trepidam signa vocaret Amor.
 O quoties dixi, si quando cegar amare,
 Non nisi qui pariter me redamaret, amem?
 Auduit optantem volucrum Deus ales Amorum,
 Et quid, ait, dubitas? ut redameris, ama.
 Vicino extimui presentis Numine Divi,
 Attonuitque meum vox inopia caput.
 Ecquid inexpertam puer, inquam, perfide castris,
 Auspiciisque jubes ara merere tuis?
 Sæpe quidem juveni mihi narravere sodales,
 Gaudia quanta suis polliceatur Amor.
 Sapius at contra monuit me sedula nutrix,
 Cum ferrer gerula sarcina parva sinu.
 Vera nimis reputata Peligni oracula vatis,
 Quæ cecinit castis ingeminanda choris:
 "Quot lepores in Atho, quos apes pascuntur in Hyblæ,
 "Cerulea quot baccas Palladis arbor habet:
 "Littore quot concha, tot sunt in amore dolores;
 "Res est solliciti plena timoris amor.
 Semper enim miseros timor ille flagellat amantes,
 Ne fors non redamet, quem tamen alter amat.
 Fida vel alterius si sint rata fœdere vinculis,
 Tum gravis, ut consient fœdera, cura subit.
 Curre per historias; quotus, heu! securus amavit?
 Hunc brevis, hunc fictus ludificavit Amor.
 Quæ Paris Oenone sine rivete posse negebat,
 Oenonem potuit deseruisse Paris.
 Dilecti Hypsipbite non mansit Jasonis uxor,
 Non mansit reducis, sicut euntis erat.
 Thesea crudelem quoties Ariadna vocavit,
 Navigio numerum quæstæ deesse suum!
 Quin etiam levibus monstras, Puer improbe, pennis,
 Quam cito succedat, quam citò cedat amor.
 Ite igitur, levibusque animas modò credite flammis,
 Cum sua non aliter, sceptrâ Cupido gerat.
 "Et levis est multoque suis ventosior alis,
 "Gaudiaque ambigua datque negatque fide.
 Tum pudor audaces tuncit tibi, perfide, malas,
 Teque levem celeri fassus es esse fugâ.
 Tuncque ego, Cyprigena detectâ fraude, triumphans,
 Instabilem jussi lata valere Deum.
 Et tibi, Deus Amor (dixi) tibi fœdere jungar,
 Et tuus ignis ero; tu meus ignis eris.
 Donec ab æriis labentur montibus umbrae,
 Et reducem fugient umbræque, noxque diem.
 O liquide ambrosæ! ô Divi nectaris haustus:
 O amor! ô quanti pocula mellis habes!
 Quid totis Te, Deus amor, sit amare medullis,
 Expertus nisi sit, dicere nemo potest:
 Quid vero sit amare, iterumque abs te redamari,
 Sit licet expertus, dicere nemo potest,
 Omnibus hisque etiam supereminet illa voluptas,
 Fidus hic æternum quod sibi constet amor.
 O Amor! ô mea dulced, mea vita, m'um mel!
 Aut melli geminum si quid Hymettus habet:
 O Amor!

O Amor! ô quoties, ô quæ mihi gaudia mîsces!
Dum quoddam amans redamet: dum, quod amare subit!
Dumque iterum æternos recolo fore fœdere nexos,
O Amor! ô quantis gestio lætitiis!
Non habet hic miseris Amor, ut levis ille, timores;

Affluit hic lætis, ingemit ille malis.
Pascitur in riguis, ubi cadent, lilia campis,
Et sua virgineos ducit in arva greges.
Scilicet ætherium decet hic flos purus Amorem,
Et bene tam castas pascit hic hortus oves.



Psal. LXXXIV. 1.

O how amiable are thy Tabernacles,
thou Lord of Hosts! My Soul longeth,
yea, even fainteth for the Courts of the Lord.

Quàm dilecta tabernacula tua
Domine virtutum! concupiscit
& deficit anima mea in atria
Domini.

Bonavent. Soliloq. cap. 4.

O my Soul! what can I say when
I behold the Joy to come? I am
lost in Admiration, because the
Joy will be within, and with-
out, above and below, about and
beside us.

O Anima! quid dicere valeo,
et futurum gaudium adspicio?
Fam pene præ admiratione deficio,
quia gaudium erit intus & extra,
subtus & supra, circum & citra.



Great Leader of the Starry Hosts, which stand
In shining Order on thy either Hand!
Such bright Magnificence adorns thy Throne,
That hence my raviſh'd Soul wou'd fain be gone,
To offer there her low Devotion.
Hail glorious Palace, which a lofty Mound
Of shining Jasper closely does surround!
Where the blew Sapphire and clear Chrysolite
At once astonish and affect the Sight!
Where sparkling Topas Thresholds kiss the Feet
Of all who come towards the Almighty's Seat!
By Doors of dazzling Adamant let in,
Where Golden-Roofs on Emerald-Pillars shine!
This lofty Structure, this divine Abode,
Becomes the Presence of its Founder God.

O Qui fidereas ducis fortissime turmas,
Qui cingunt decies millia mille latus!
Quam tua Regifico radiant Prætoria luxu:
Mens stupet, & tantæ languet amore domus.
Mœnia Tænario defendunt marmore muros,
Limina sunt Parius portaque celsa lapis.
Vestibulo rutilant acamantum lumine valvæ,
Amplaque magnificus culmina splendor habet.
Fulgurat excelsis tulvum laquearibus aurum,
Et camera auratâ cedrina fulva trabe.
Tectum augustum, ingens, gemmisq; auroq; su-
Quale putes ipsum posse dicere Deum. [perbium,
Stratus humi calcatur onyx, vitreique plateas
Stellarum fundant, marmora fulva globi.

Here

[14]

Here purest *Airs*, fann'd in by *Angels Wings*,
 Breathe all the *Odors* of ten thousand *Spring*s.
 Here no benumbing *Frosts* dare once be rude,
 Nor piercing *Snows* within these *Courts* intrude.
 The *Torrid Zone* is far remote from hence,
 This *Climate* feels a gentler *Influence*.
 These true *Elizium's* Pleasures ne'er decay,
 Whose Time is all but *One Eternal Day*.

Bright Resident of the *Cœlestial Spheres*!
 How despicable's *Earth*, when *Heav'n* appears?
 The very Name of *Grief's* a Stranger here,
 And nothing can beget a Thought of *Fear*.
 Here undisturb'd *Tranquillity* prevails,
 And Entrance to all jarring *Foes* forbids.
 Hence every *Passion*, *Frailty* and *Disease*,
 All that may injure, trouble, or displease;
 All that may discompose th' exalted *Mind*,
 Are to eternal Banishment confin'd.

Bright Resident of the *Cœlestial Spheres*!
 How despicable's *Earth*, when *Heav'n* appears!
 Here fasting *Souls* perpetual *Revels* keep,
 And never are concern'd for *Food* or *Sleep*;
 With indefatigable *Zeal* they move,
 Born on the *Wings* of *Duty* and of *Love*.
 Dissolv'd in *Hymns*, here *Quires* of *Angels* lie,
 And with loud *Hallelujah's* fill the *Sky*. [crown'd,
 Here new-come *Saints* with *Wreaths* of *Light* are
 While *Lyry Harps* and *Silver Trumpets* sound.
 Here ruddy *Cherubs* sacred *Hymns* begin,
 And smiling *Seraphs* loud *Responses* sing;
 While echoing *Angels* the blest *Airs* retort,
 Follow'd by a loud *Chorus* of the *Univ'ral Court*:
 While, to compleat the *Musick* of the *Quire*,
 The *Royal Psalmist* tunes his *Sacred Lyre*.
 The meanest *Seat* in this bright *Court* I'd chuse,
 Before the best *Preferment* *Earth* bestows;
 For one short *Day's* sublime *Enjoyment* here,
 Exceeds an *Age* of the chief *Pleasure* there.
 Haste then, my *Soul*! to those blest *Mansions* fly,
 With those bright *Objects* please thy wond'ring *Eye*!
 With their sweet *Ayrs* fill thy attentive *Ear*,
 Till thou has learnt to chant glad *Anthems* there!
 Till thou, instructed in the heav'nly *Art*,
 May'st in their *Consort* bear an humble *Part*!
 Blest Resident of the *Cœlestial Spheres*,
 How despicable's *Earth* when *Heav'n* appears?
 What pure *Delights* that happy *Place* allows!
 How many *Mansions* in my *Father's House*?
 My flaming *Soul* can thence no longer stay;
 If none goes there and lives, I'll die to find the *Way*.

ÆNIGMA, taken from the 5th Emblem of
 the Second Book, *Averte oculos meos*, &c.

*P*ervigilant gemine cello mihi vertice stella,
 Quis est perpetuis munus in excubiis.
 Nec tamen errantes neque possum dicere fixas,
 Sed meritò, duplex utraque nomen habet.
 Errat ab officio vaga sepius utraque jussò,
 Utraque docta suum fixa tenere locum.
 Moribus ambe agiles, fixa stationibus ambe,
 Quod genus hoc stellas Oedipus esse putet?

Vos, Oculi; *vos, conspicue duo lumina frontis*,
Sidera vos estis, quæ mihi bina micant, &c. * * *

Jam tua temperies placido mitissima Cœlo est,
Qualis uti vernis aura tepet Zephyris.
Nec glacialis hiemæ tremulo pede pulsat Olympum,
Ista nec hybernâ grandine tecta sonant.
Nec pallent viso morituræ sole pruinae,
Nec stant marmoreo flumina vincta gelu.
Nec coquit æstivi Cererem juba sæva leonis,
Solstitii medius nec furit igne dies.
Nec viridis foliis sanguis fervore recedit,
Nec tostus nimio sole fatiscit ager.
Perpetuum ver astra colunt, frigulq; calorem;
Inter, Cœlicolæ tempora veris agunt.
O qui fidereas habiras, Rex maxime, sedes,
Quam tua præ terris invidiosa domus!
Quin absunt gelidi brumæ intractabilis imbres,
Quique rigat madidos Imbrifer hœdus agros.
Æoliæque silent animæ tranquilla per atra,
Quallaque nec venti murmure spica tremit.
Stat placidus positus Aquilonum flavibus æther,
Servat & æternus longa serena tenor.
Sed neque flammantes liquido lavat æquore cur-
Nec subit occiduas Sol fugitivus aquas. [rus,
Nec premit astra dies, neque Sol fugat æthere stel-
Nec premitur lassus nocte fugante dies. [las,
Nulla polos tacitis nox obruit atra tenebris,
Nigraque subducto somnia sole vocat.
Exultat æthereis longè nox horrida terris,
Et nitet æterno lumine clara dies.
Clara dies, jucunda dies, septemplex Phœbi
Fulmineam nostri lampada, luce premens.
O qui fidereas habiras, Rex maxime, sedes;
Quam tua præ terris invidiosa domus!
Sollicitæ procul hinc, posuere cubilia curæ,
Et metus & tristi limbus ore dolor;
Et caput atrato luctus velutus amictu,
Lessus & impexis navia mœsta comis.
Et labor & toro gemitus proscriptus Olympo,
Et lis & rapidi iurgia rauca fori,
Rixæque, invidiæque, cruentaque sanguine bella.
Monstraque, quæ secum plurima, bella trahunt.
Pauperique febrilque, famesque, sitisque, luesque,
Quæque sequi solitæ Martia castra necesse.
Hic clausæ Bello portæ, & sine militis armis
Otia cœlicolæ mollia pacis agunt.
Non galeæ, non scuta micant, non classica clan-
Misceunt positis aurea secla tubis. [gunt,
Tabificque absunt examina pallida morbi,
Quæque cohors Letho prævia sternit iter.
Quin etiam Letho interdictum mœnibus urbis,
Nec quidquam in superum corpora juris habet.
Letitiæ data cura domus, quæ sedula fletum
Elysii longe finibus arceat agri.
Instruit auris convivium Regia mensis,
Quas recreant festis gaudia sancta jocis.
Non quia Cœlicolæ dapibus jejunia solvant,
Aut illius Superum proluat ora liquor.
Absque epulis, hic omnis amor compressus edendi,
Omnis & absque meri munere pulsa sitis.
Non istis temerant Superi convivium mensis,
Aut Regio similes suggerit illa dapes.
Elysium sint carne epulas Bicchocque ministrat:
Cœlicolumque venit nullus in ora cibos.
Ambrosiæ, Superos hilarat, quis nescio, succus,
Dius, & ætherio nectare potus alit;
 Sicque

* * The Author enlarges on the Eyes thus,
That tho' they are fix'd in the Head, yet they are
Daily Wanderers: He instances *Dinah*, who was
ravish'd by *Sechem*; *King David*, who sinfully
obtain'd the Wife of *Uriah*; *Holifernes*, slain by
Judeth; and the fond Elders, ruin'd by the Sight
of *Susannah*; and sums up all in these Words.
"More ruin'd Souls by these false Guides are lost,
"Than shipwreck'd Vessels on the Rockiest Coast."

Sicque super strato æternum discumbitur ostro:
Gaudet & auratis gens epulata toris. [nos,
Gaudet, & Angelicos placidis bibit auribus hym-
Et salit, & rutilam sub pede plaudit humum.
O qui fidereas habitas Rex maxime sedes,
Quot tua deliciis affluit illa domus!
Jam flagrat, & studio nimis inflammata videndi,
Mens deliderio deficit ægra suo.



OH! why, my Friends, am I desir'd to sing?
How can I raise a Note, or touch a String?

Musick requires a Soul to Mirth inclin'd,
And sympathizes with the troubled Mind.

But you reply, such Seasons most require,
The kind Diversion of the warbling Lyre; sing,
When Grief wou'd strike you dumb, 'tis Time to
Then strain the Voice, and strike the trembling String,
Least then the Mind o'erwhelm'd in Sorrow lie,
Too much intent on its own Misery.

You urge, this Remedy will Grief assuage,
And with Examples prove what you alledge.

You say, this tunes the weary Sailors Note,
While o'er long Seas their nimble Vessels float:
You say, this makes the artful Shepherd play;
Whose tuneful Pipes the tedious Hours betray;
And that the Trav'ler's Journey easi' it proves,
When to the Musick of his Voice he moves.

And Soldiers, when with Night or Labour tir'd,
By singing, with new Vigour are inspir'd.
I'll not perversly b'ame this Art in them,
Nor th' inoffensive Policy condemn;

Psal. CXXXVII. 4.

How shall we sing the Lord's Song
in a strange Land?

Quomodo cantabimus canticum
Domini in terrâ alienâ?

Aug. Medit. Cap. 35.

O that I could say such things as
the Hymn-singing Choir of An-
gels! How willingly would I
pour forth my self in thy
Praises!

Utinam possem talia dicere, qua-
lia hymnicidi Angelorum Cho-
ri! ô quam libenter me in tuis
laudibus totum effunderem!

QUID toties cantus iterare jubetis amici,
Seu lubeat digitis, seu juret ore loqui?
Letitiam cantus poscunt, animique quietem,
Turbida cum mens est, os digitique dolent. (netis,
Quin mage cantandum cum mens tacit, ægra, mo-
Tuncque opas esse lyrâ, tuncque opus esse chely.
Nempe suo nimium ne mersa dolore laboret,
Aut intenta suis, sit nimis ipsa malis.
Quid quod opem certa promittitis usque medela,
Vestra nec exemplo dicta probante carent?
Dicitis hanc causam cur lassus navita cantet,
Solicitat celeri cum freta lenta manu.
Quique gregem virides pascendum ducit in agros,
Non nisi ne nimium sit mora longa, canit.
Et canit ut fallat fastidia longa viator,
Miles & ut canet, noxque laborque facit.
Non ego quod faciunt, miles, nauta, atque viator,
Quodque facit pastor, damno rebellis opus.
Adde quod & Domina jam dudum assueta querelis,
Ad solitos gemitus plus mea lingua valet.
Vixque retentanti jam carmina prisca subibant,
Musica quin etiam res mihi visa nova est.
Utque timet longo viniens è carcere Solem,
Sic mea lætiam lingua, modique timet.

But know my Tongue, long practis'd in Complant,
 Is skill'd in Grief, in Lamentations quaint.
 Scarce my lost Skill cou'd I to practice bring,
 And Musick seem'd a strange unusual Thing;
 And as one blinded long, scarce brooks the Light,
 So pleasing Ayrs my uncouth Tongue affright.
 When I my slighted Numbers wou'd retrieve,
 And make the speaking Chords appear to live;
 When I wou'd raise the murmuring Viol's Voice,
 Or make the Lute in brisker Sounds rejoice;
 When on my Pipe attempt a shriller Note,
 Or join my Harp in Confort with my Throat:
 My Voice (alas!) in Floods of Tears is drown'd,
 And boist'rous Sighs disperse the fainting Sound.
 Again to sing, again to play I try'd;
 Again my Voice, again my Hand deny'd:
 Slow and unactive by Disuse so long,
 Their Art's forgot both by my Hand and Tongue:
 And now with these Allays I try too late,
 To mollify my hard, my rigid Fate.
 Grant I excell'd in Musick, and in Song,
 And warbled swift Division with my Tongue;
 Cou'd I with Israel's sweetest Singer vie,
 Or touch the Harp with more Success than He:
 Will Musick or Complaint best suit my Woe,
 Who never had more Cause to weep, than now?
 But Sorrow has my tuneful Harp unstrung,
 And Grief's become habitual to my Tongue:
 Nor do the Place or Time such Mirth allow;
 But grant they did, my Sorrows answer no.
 For wou'd you have an exil'd Stranger sing,
 His Country Songs under a Foreign King?
 Forbear; my Fate and this loath'd Place conspire,
 To silence me, and hinder your Desire.
 Tears drown my Eyes, exhausted by my Wrongs,
 Then, ah! how am I fit for jocund Songs?
 Harsh Fortune's wounded Captive kindly spare!
 My Voice has lost its pleasing Accents here.
 Sorrow disorders and distorts my Face,
 I cannot give my Songs their former Grace.
 Shou'd I begin to sing or play, 'twou'd be
 Some doleful Emblem of my Misery.
 My Thoughts are all on my lost State intent,
 And close Companions of my Banishment.
 Then why am I desir'd to play or sing, [String?
 Now Grief has broke my Voice, and slackned ev'ry
 Oh! my lov'd Country, when I think on thee,
 My Lute, my Voice, my Mind, all lose their harmony.
 But if to Thee I happily return, [mourn.
 Then they shall all rejoice, as much as now they

SOLI DEO GLORIA.



Ad numeros quoties fuit impetus ire relictus,
 Aut solitam digitis sollicitare chelym:
 Aut ducto querulas impellere pectine chordas
 Aut mellem articulis increpuisse lyram;
 Aut lene ceratis modulari carmen arenis,
 Aut voci liquidas associare fides.
 Heu! toties lacryma suum, me tentante profuse
 Et lacrymis, digiti, voxque retenta fuit!
 Mox luctata iterum cantu deducere vocem,
 Et querula digitos attenuasse lyra;
 Nequicquam adversis sensi me tendere musis,
 Ulla nec est nostrae barbitas ista manu.
 Interea longa jam desuetudine pigra,
 Artem didicidit voxque manusque, suam.
 Nec se nunc studium gravitatis inane retentem,
 Mollescant studio tristitia fata meo.
 Esto, sciam levibus tamen addere carmina nervis,
 Aptaque mutandis sit mihi lingua sonis:
 Et vincam Aonias digitis, aut gutture Divas,
 Et mea sit melior, Marfia, Canna tua:
 Panaque multiformam cogam submittere buxum,
 Et superem Thresse stamina docta lyra.
 Quæstibus an cantu videor debere teneri,
 Maxima cui flendi copia semper adest?
 Ah! bene ne cantem, mihi per mala plurima cau-
 Vertit & in morem, jam mihi pene dolor. [cum est.
 Nec locus, ut cantem, patitur, neque tempora profunt,
 Utque locus sinat aut tempora, moror obest.
 Quid? vultus patriæ procul à tellure jacentem,
 Externo patrios orbe sonare modos?
 Parcite, fortune nimis exulis ista repugnant:
 Non est conveniens cantibus ille locus.
 Exul & à patrio tam longè distita Cælo,
 Impellam patriæ dulcia fila lyre?
 Parcite tam miserum fortune vulnus habenti,
 Cantandi externo nulla libido solo est.
 Tristitia flebilibus manant mihi lumina rivis,
 Ut videor festam posse ferire chelym?
 Semper in obtutu vigilat mens ficta malorum
 Et cythara videor posse, vel ore loqui?
 Heu! nimis insistant præsentis pectora fato.
 Et nunquam exilii sensus acerbis abest.
 Si quisquam his juveat Amphiona vivere terris
 Aonio nunquam pectine tangat ebur.
 Respectu Euridicen propere cum perdidit Orpheus,
 Ulicet artifices obriguere manus;
 Et manibus cecidit leve cum testudine plectrum,
 Fractaque sunt casu garrula fila suo.
 Quid mihi, non una fatorum clade sepulta
 Precipitis, toties ungue ciere fides?
 Dum circumspiciens, ubi sim, te, Patria, specto:
 Heu cadis aspectu mens labefacta tuo!
 Cum semel, ô sperata diu, tibi Patria reddar,
 Tunc ego voce canam, tunc ego mente canam.

HINC TIBI CORONA.



A Letter from a Friend in the Country on the preceding Little Book.

Mr. GENT,

Sept. 4. 1727.

Have lately seen a Little Book printed by you for the Use of pious People. Whoever that careful Father was, who selected such choice Flowers of Piety, in those affectionate Letters to his Children, deserves the highest Commendation; and, no doubt, will obtain a future Reward for his Charity in dispersing some of them among the poorer Sort of the Country People.

But, what I am farther pleas'd, and agreeably surpriz'd with, is, to see that small Tract published under the Name of *Divine Entertainments*, which you have lately done at your own Expence. Small, did I say? It is *multum in parvo*; because you have printed both the *Latin* and *English*, in opposite Columns, which might both fit the Learned in that Tongue, and the ingenious Readers in our own Language. I remember, when I was with you last, my Opinion was ask'd about it, whether I thought so good a thing would not take, at an easy Price? I was then afraid lest your Charge would be greater than perhaps your Encouragement; however, I silently thought it deserv'd it. But since you have thought fit to venture, in part, on so good a Design, which is not known to many, and at a moderate Price, as 4d. Stitch'd, I shall now freely give you my Approbation for these following Reasons.

First, The Original of *Herman. Hugo*, printed Abroad, is very scarce; or was it not, yet too dear for many, who might not understand *Latin*.

Secondly, Its Translation, by the Rev. Mr. *Arwaker*, Master of Arts, is no less expensive; and both together hard to be come at.

Thirdly, That tho' the Author was a Roman, and of the Society of *JESUS*; yet as one of our own Brethren of the Reformed CHURCH of ENGLAND, who translated him, owns him to be an Excellent Christian, as well as Poet: That as, in the whole, there is nothing that can offend any Party or Religion; nothing but what is agreeable to the Holy Scripture, and tends to the most exalted Strains of Piety, in meditating on the transcendent Love of God to us, and what our Desires ought to be towards him in most of the Degrees of Life; so it is a sweet Companion abroad and at home, especially in our private Retirements.

Fourthly, That tho' I would usher no Innovation in the Schools, yet if, instead of Heathen Authors, the Scholars might read this on Saturdays at least, it would mingle Piety with their Learning, in order to make them wise to Salvation. And here there can be no Objection against the *English*, because there is no literal Translation to prevent the Scholars Diligence; but Room enough to exercise their Talents, as tho' it had not been translated at all. And all the Service I can do to recommend it to our Country School-Masters, to the Children of Gentlemen, and Others, I assure you, shall not be wanting.

In a Word, as I am wonderfully pleas'd to have such a thing printed among us, in such a Manner as must be expensive to you, I pray earnestly you may be no Loser; and I am sure those who buy it can be none. The Innocency of the Emblems will captivate the tender Hearts of our Youth; and the Force of their Arguments melt those of ripen Years. I need not mention the Elegancy of the *Latin*; the Learned know it sufficiently. I only wish, once more, the general Use of it may compensate your Labour and Expence. I am, with great Sincerity,

Your Humble Servant,

J. P.

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A circular library stamp from the British Museum. The outer ring contains the text "BRITISH MUSEUM" at the top and "14 FEB 48" at the bottom. The center features a shield with a cross, containing four quadrants with different symbols. The shield is flanked by two lions. Below the shield is a banner with the text "FEB 48".

18.